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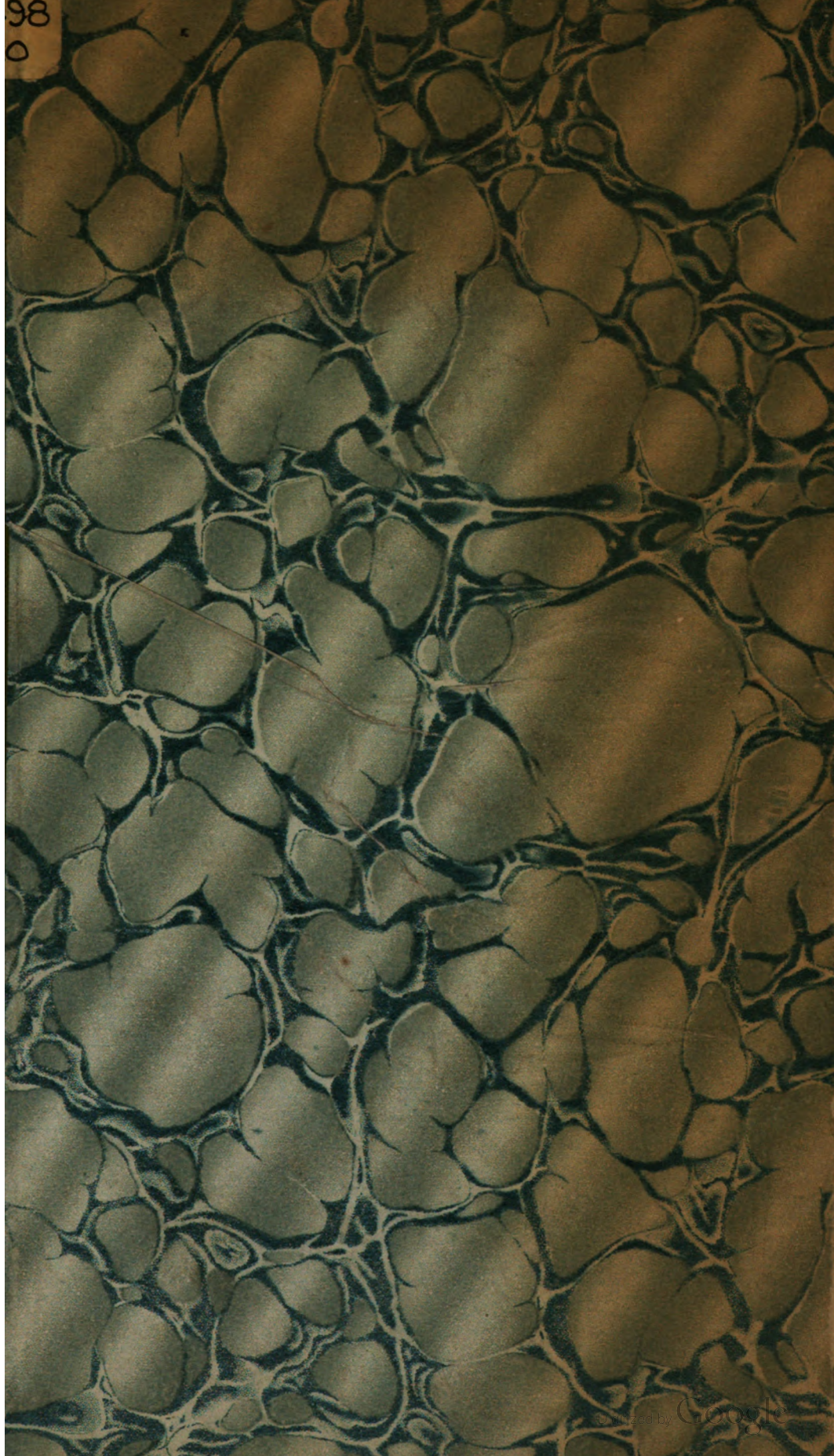
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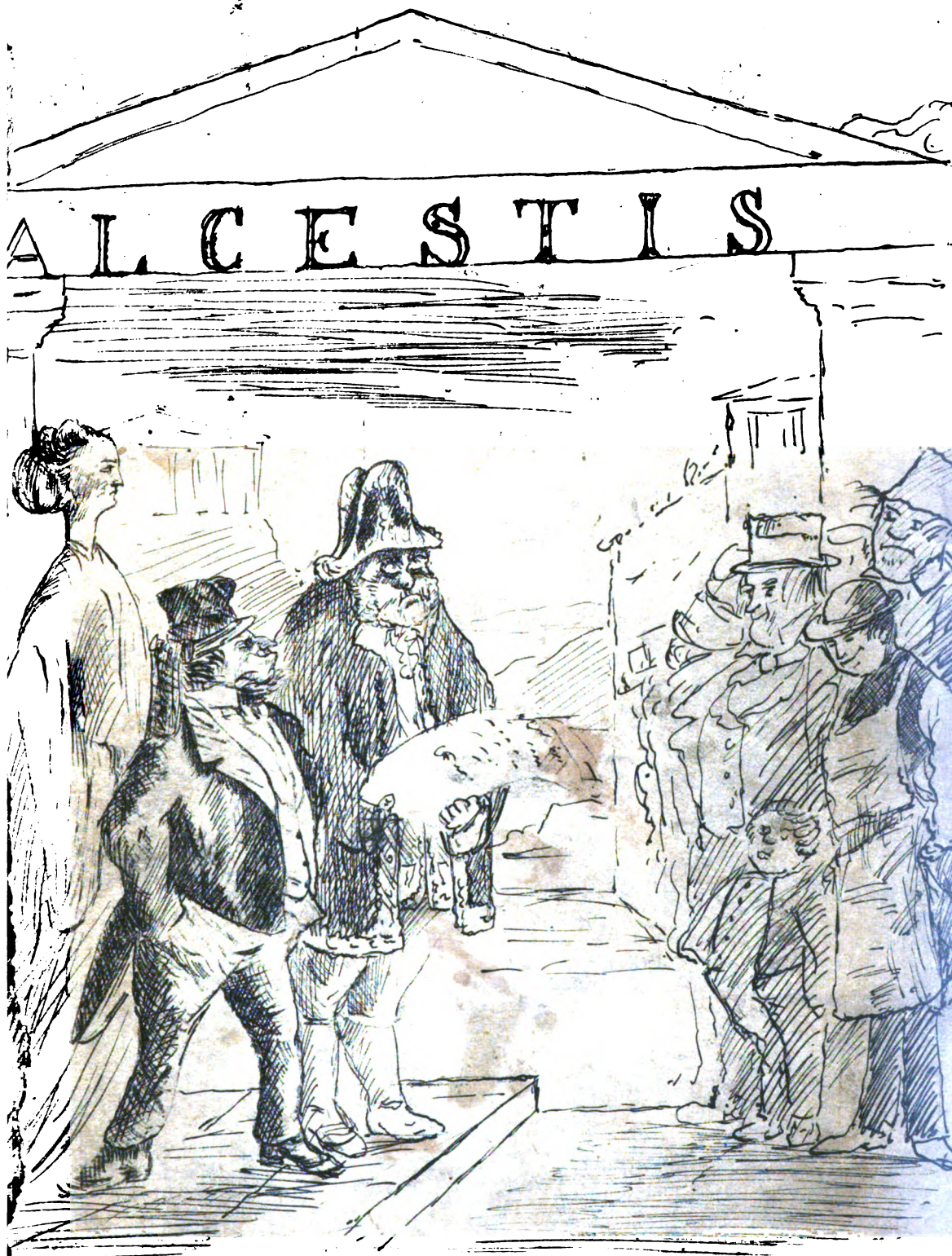
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**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK**

1918



ALCESTIS

OR

EURIPIDES DESTROYED:

A Burlesque.

BY
MR. W. H. MAXWELL.

6/50 drawings

τραγικώτατος γε τῶν ποιητῶν φαίνεται.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

ADMETUS, *The Hero.*
 PHERES, *His Father.*
 APOLLO, { *His Friend at Court. Director of the*
 Sun Insurance Office.
 CHARON, { *His Creditor, who is calling for his little*
 Bill of Mortality.
 HERCULES, *His Sporting Friend (a Horse Stealer).*
 IEAMES, *His Servant.*
 ALCESTIS, *His Wife,—a Muscular Minded Female.*
 CHORUS, *His servants, i. e., Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.*
Herald, Crowd, Funeral Mutes, &c. &c.

1.

ALCESTIS.

Act I.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY APOLLO.

Enter Apollo tastefully attired in a laurel crown, et ne plus ultra.

Ap. Despite Bohn's holy army of translators,
Euripides has hardly had fair play,
Especially from modern commentators,
Who show him in a proper light, they say,
And think themselves judicious amputators,
Cutting out satire in the coolest way.
But satire would cut in again,—so I intended
Each verse obscure with woodcut should be mended.
Alas ! how fallen is the classic stage.
The author is no longer a divinity ;
Æschylus, they say, has not a decent page ;
And Aristophanes is mere obscenity.
Some vow all Greek plays put them in a rage ;
Though I'm disposed to treat them with more lenity,
And in a modern light to put Alcestis,
Which of Euripides I think the best is. [Exit Apollo.]

SCENE I. EXTERIOR OF ADMETUS' COUNTRY HOUSE.

Enter Apollo attired as before.

Ap. For three long scenes we should have had before us
That most infernal nuisance called a chorus

In the original ; but, if you please,
 We'll come upon the stage "in medias res."
 Would that I ne'er, when from Olympus driven,
 Been board and lodging by Admetus given,
 Nor, in return, had said he'd never die,
 If in his place another he'd supply.
 I'm told he asked his mother and his father
 To take his place, but they objected rather.
 Little recked I, when promising his life,
 The drunken snob would substitute his wife. [Going to wing.
 They come ! Alcestis, Eumelus, Admetus,
 The latter trying hard to cheat us
 Into believing "coppers" to be grief,
 And woe a well-used pocket-handkerchief.
 In loud dispute two doctors are contending
 The reason why Alcestis' life is ending.
 One says, "Admetus, set your mind at rest,
 The lady's only got the Rinderpest."
 The other yells, "I always did despise yer,
 Thought you a *Charlotte-Ann*—No ! *Anne-Elizer*."
 But, stop ! by Bryson's clock, 'tis nearly one—
 Olympic dinner time. Yes, there's the gun !
 I'll walk my chinks, and be a staff bisectar,
 Or get Ambrosia cold, and flattish nectar. [Exit.

Enter Admetus, Alcestis, Eumelus, and Chorus of family servants.

Alc. Thou sun, ye roofs, and chimney-pots, admire !
 For this low feller I must now expire.

Ad. Low feller, marm ! you stop that there abusing ;
 You know your death was none of this child's choosing.
 I see your little game, you die to shine
 In history as a classic heroine.
 You don't take *me* in, marm.

Alc. Ungrateful man !
 Have not I done for you all woman can ?
 Your father, whom you kindly wished to die,



Asked if you saw "aught verdant in his eye?"
 Declined to argue; said he was no talker;
 Referred you to a gentleman named Walker.
 Your mother, too, declined, "Not, if she knew it,"
 See you blowed first, and then she wouldn't do it;
 Showed you the door, and while the door she banged,
 Vowed, before dying, she would see you hanged;
 Except with me your prayers were all in vain.

[*Charon rises up a trap.*]

Alc. What! Charon?

Ch. Slap-bang, here we are again!
 Now, marm, be quick, we ought to be afloat;
 I'll put your luggage in the infernal boat!
 Now, look alive; be quick as you are able,
 You're come for.

Ad. Is she? then I'm comfortable.
 You'll take a drop of spirits?

Ch. Something hot;
 A corpse reviver.

Ad. That I have not got.
 But as we've got our work cut out before us,
 Just pack your things up while we have a chorus.
 Tune up, ye fiddles, trumpets, and trombones! [*To the Orchestra.*]
 What is your favourite instrument? [*To Charon.*]

Ch. The bones.

Ad. I'm my own trumpeter.

Alc. And I can sing.

Ad. You'd better harp on that eternal string
 Self-sacrifice, and all that sort of thing;
 But at this solemn time I think the band
 Might give some solemn tune, say "Dixey's Land."

TRIO—*Admetis, Charon, and Alcestis.*

AIR—"DIXEY'S LAND."

Ch. If it had not been for that fool Apollo,
 Whom I hope all organ-grinders may follow,
 11

Omnes. *And brass bands, &c.*
As your time was up a long time ago,
I would take you down to the realms below.

Omnes. *And the land, &c.*
If Apollo would only let me
Take you where the "good niggers go,"
You'd go kerslap
Down this here trap.

Ad. *Don't you wish you may get me.* [Da Capo.

Alc. *But though I now must go below,*
Admetus, I would have you know,
And understand, &c.,
That as you value your precious life,
You had better not take another wife
In this land, &c.

Ad. *Oh, pray don't you suppose it,*
Oh, no ! oh, no !
For me one wife
Is enough for life—
Experientia docit.

Chorus. *Hilloa !*

Ad. *What's up ?*

Ch. *Alcestis, from her looks,*
I greatly fear is popping off the hooks.
Alc. I am. Each minute I expect to hook it ;
Or, if you don't twig that, to kick the bucket.
Jemima-Ann, my own beloved daughter !
May she remember all her mother taught her.
My child, your dying mother now implores—
Don't steal my jam, don't tear your pinafores.
To you, Admetus, I bequeath your latch-key
You lost when drunk. And, mind this, if I catch ye
With any other woman as your bride,
My ghost shall rise and stand by your bed-side !
But now I'm off.

[Falls.

Ad. *Oh, dear devoted creature !*
I'm sorry that I ever had to beat her. [Weeps copiously.

Alc. (rising). Beat me ! you wretch, for such low foul-mouthed lying
I'd scratch your eyes out, if I were not dying ;
[*To Ad.*] I feel it. See your conduct is correct ;
I'll drop in on you when you least expect.

[*Dies in several beautiful tableaux to slow music.*]

Chorus. In such a case as this, *felo de se*
Might well be pardoned by philosophy ;
And, as you got Alcestis at the altar,
You might perhaps regain her by a halter.
Think what a glorious subject for the Muse—
The writhing body and the dangling noose.

Ad. A crime that I entirely disapprove
Is suicide in any shape for love.

Song by a Lady of a certain age in the Chorus.

AIR.—"THE ISLAND."

*I have always been taught,
And I ever have thought,
Of the faults of the "lords of creation ;"
For there's no beast than can
Be as vain as a man—
He thinks he makes such a sensation.*

Chorus. For he's vain is the "lord of creation,"
And he meets with his own approbation.
Oh tell me who can,
What's as stupid as man,
Or so clever at self-adoration?

*Pray don't think that I've tried
To be any one's bride,
For I hate and despise the low station,
Though lovers in plenty,
From fifty to twenty,
Have thought me the pride of creation.*

Chorus. But false are the "lords of creation,"
And I see through their fulsome laudation.

*Oh tell me who can,
What's so fickle as man,
Or so wanting in self-abnegation?*

Ad. Old lady, pray shut up, you only bore us,
Besides, the act must finish with a chorus !

Admetus and Chorus.

Ad. Alcestis hath not died in vain,
For she has left a theme
That shall not pass away in time
Like any empty dream.
Though history's perverters
At thy memory may sneer,
And think thy reputation
As small as table beer.

Ch. 1. Yet, perhaps, in Modern Athens,
In the season of the year,
When the cold misty air is lit by the flare
Of the shops and their Christmas cheer.

Ch. 2. When Wyndham's theatre is opened,
And the chandeliers are lit,
Showing ladies in the boxes
And students in the pit.

Ad. When the gods assail the curtain
With nuts and orange peel,
And the medical persuasion
Ask the band to play a reel ;
When Telbin's drop is lifted,
And scene and mask grotesque,
Announce the opening act of an original burlesque.

Omnes. When the first few words are spoken,
And the actors they descry,
At once stalls, boxes, gallery, and pit,
Rise up, no matter where they sit,
As if they wished their ears to split,
Alcestis ! loud they cry.

Act II.

SCENE I.

CHORUS.—AIR—"MABLE."

*Atè! Atè! don't I hate ye
 Since you've ta'en Alcestis,
 Who, of wives who've passed good lives,
 By many chalks the best is.*

*Styx and Co., also Pluto,
 And daughter of Demeter,
 With Charon, dare
 For once to spare
 An unprotected creature.*

*Phlegethon and Acheron,
 Give her all due honour;
 Cerberus, pity us,
 Who cannot wait upon her;
 Spirits all, great and small,
 Including Davenport Brothers,
 We're bereft, now she's left,
 Of the best of mothers.*

*And there's the little Eumelus,
 He sits on his mother's tumulus,
 And cries all day*

*"My mothers's away,
 And left her own dear famulus."* [Da Capo.

Enter Hercules with railway rug, carpet bag, hat-box, &c.

[Chorus retire.]

Her. Passing this way, Admetus always said
 He could afford me dinner and a bed;
 So if he's in I'll take a quiet weed,
 Dinner and bed, and then for Diomed—
 I've got to steal some horses for Eurystheus,

Doing a thing for that man's not the least use :
 Do him one labour and he wants another ;
 If he don't get it he makes such a bother.
 Last week he actually had the face
 To ask me to steal horses for a race,
 In which he backed the field for fifty ponies,
 And has to pawn his crown to raise the monies.

[Waiter crosses, in black.

Her. Hi ! waiter ; are you mourning ?

Wait.

Yes, we be, sir !

Sad visitation in the family, sir ! [Produces handkerchief.
 Kind lady, though she *had* a heavy hand,
 No eye like *Ma's* to threaten and command ;
 But here's our master.

Enter Admetus drunk, and supported by Chorus.

Her. Admetus here !—hillo !

Seems you're in mourning.

Ad.

Sheems, sir ? nay, tisho.

[With drunken gravity.

I know no sheems, I'm mourning, sir, not mellow ; [fellow.
 As chorush said [*relapsing into utter idiocy*], for he's sholly good
 'Tis not the constant river in the eye,
 Or twistings of the phishiognomy,
 Nor saying flesh is grass, and man a sinner ;
 [Wandering] Besides, I never do get drunk at dinner ;
 But I have that within as passeth show.

[Neck of whisky bottle protrudes.

Theshe but the trappings and the shints of woe.

[Pointing to voluminous hat-band.

Her. Admetus [*aside*], why, the fellow *has* got tight.
 Pray, tell me, can you take me in to-night.

Ad. At whist, I'll take you in to-night, to-morrow,
 And next day, too, without the slightest sorrow.

Her. I don't mean that,—I only want a bed ;
 But why those yards of crape upon your head ?



Ad. 'Cause some one in the house is lying dead.

Her. A corpse. I see ; that tough old bird, your father ?

Ad. I only wish it was. Oh, don't I, rather !

Her. Your mother ?

Ad. No.

Her. I don't know any other.

Ad. For fear he should find out and cut, I tremble.

He's sure to go, therefore I must dissemble.

[*Aside.*

'Tis aunt's maternal second cousin's mother ;

So don't let this disturb you : go and dine ;

See you get something, and don't spare the wine.

[*Exit Hercules.*

Enter Pheres, funeral, &c.

Pheres. Stop, Hercules ! I'll tell you all the truth.

This here's my son, a sweet and festive youth,

Who, fearing death, has sacrificed his wife.

Her. A very clever fellow, 'pon my life.

Ad. But, hold hard, Hercules, till I have done.

This is the man who would not save his son

By dying——

Her. Oh, a most unnatural father !

Ph. Unnatural, indeed ! I'd see him farther
Before I died for him, or any other man.

Ad. I'll pay you out for this, sir, if I can.

Ya-h-h, you old thief, come on, you hoary villain,

I'd knock your ugly head off for a shilling.

Say, who got drunk and said it was the salmon ?

Who hates his own son ?

Ph. Oh, shut up !— gammon !

Who killed his wife, and wants to kill his parent ?

Your little game is rather too apparent.

But, pray, don't think you'll profit by my dying ;

My money's spent—[*general commotion*] all right—I am not lying.

Ad. Tell me, my father, how it comes to pass

You have no money,—with such lots of brass ?

And how you manage fluently to speak
With such a huge development of cheek ?

Ph. My uncle taught me spouting—Uncle Moses.

Ad. One of a nation that is famed for noses.
Say, did he squint and walk a little lame ?
Had he an everlasting cold ?

Ph. Yes, 'tis the same.
He has my property, you 'll know, too late,
That my remarks towards truth pre-pawn-derate.

Ad. If so, then rest assured, you hoary knave, yer,
The public press shall know your vile behaviour.
The *Scotsman*, *Times*, and *Saturday Review*,
Shall each an article devote to you,
And "Punch" express his deepest detestation
Condensed into a cartoon illustration.

Ph. Pooh ! what care I for what is wrote or said ?
I won't take in the papers when I 'm dead.
I leave a government with which I 'm troubled,
And where the taxes have long since been doubled ;
Affairs of state are looking very chequered.

Ad. I don't mind that, if they are well exchequered,
And all the dividends are to your son due.

Ph. Though you have dividends all men will shun you.

Ad. Your death will be disgrace. I prophesy it.

Ph. Sooner have that than see you *profit* by it.
How all the cads and message-boys will cry,
"Admetus ! when 's your next wife going to die ?"

Ad. Just turn him out ; that last one was too bad.

Ph. Aha ! I think I had you there, my lad. [*Pheres exit.*]

Ad. Now that we've done with that old botheration,
'Tis time to give our funeral stump oration.
Accustomed as I am to public lying,
This here occasion isn't very trying,
Though my wife's dead, I do not want a fuss.
[*Pheres without.*] Oh, aint he just a sweet ethereal cuss !

Ad. Return to subject.

Chorus. Hear, hear.



Ad. To proceed—
 My balm of Gilead is the widower's weed.
 The only cure when mental torments rack us,
 Is a libation burnt—not poured—to Bacchus.
 I got my wife to die, a little game
 I recommend to married men.

Ph. Oh, shame!

Ad. The morals of the people are corrupted.
 If I again like this am interrupted,
 I'll call police! my feelings I must smother,
 Bury my wife, and then I'll get another.

SCENE II.

Ser. Well, sich a man as him I never seed,
 For gormandising and disgusting greed.
 I heard a noise—in slouched a hulking loafer,
 And lay full length upon the satin sofer ;
 "I'm dry," he cried, and shouted, "Waiter!—here!
 Bring me a sandwich and a quart of beer ;"
 And as I went, he shouted, "Stop! you thief!
 As you're about it, bring me cold roast beef—
 Or two biled oxen, and two gallons o' brandy,
 Or old Jamaica, if you have it handy ;
 Hot water, sugar, or you'll feel my fist,
 A long clay pipe, and half a stone of twist ;"
 Then he gets drunk, and falls upon the bed,
 Puts the hot-water jug upon his head,
 And says, "It's surely very hot for rain."
 There he goes.

Her. [*Without*]. Sla-a-a-p-ba'n-g! here-we-are-aga-i-n.

Enter Hercules.

Her. Of hounds of a most jovial disposition,
 We now enjoy the enviable position,
 Or, to speak Greek, *οἱ συμποτῆς εἰμεν*,
 Poor *συμποτῆς*, who're so destroyed by Hymen.

Here, waiter! where's the carte, and what's for dinner?

Wait. You've eat near all, as I am a living sinner;
Our means are small, as we've a funeral.

Her. Oh, goodness, gracious, what! a "*φev*"-near-all,
The eatables have I consumed? I've only had
Two trumpery oxen, which were tough and bad;
Some ven'son haunches, monstrous high and tasty,
And, may-be—half an ovenful of pastry,
Spirits and wine, which, going to my head,
Don't count. But don't think that's the way I'm fed.
I can't subsist on air. But why that ere
Lugubrious visage? it is hardly fair
To send me crape-dressed mutes instead of waiters,
And funeral meats instead of hot "*pertaters*."

AIR.—"SLAP-BANG."

Her. *Why should you mourn for other's grief,
And why from weeping seek relief?
So hold your noise, you howling thief,
And listen unto me;
For the passing day is ours alone,
The future comes, the past is gone;
So wherefor howl, and sigh, and moan,
And leave the drink to me?*

*So Slap-bang, fill it up again.
Fill it up again,
Fill it up again,
Slap-bang fill it up again,
And drink and sing like me.*

AIR.—"SHE WAS VERY FOND OF DANCING."

Ser. *You are very fond of liquor,
But it really seems to me,
That for one night I'm sure you might
Behave with propriety.*

AIR.—“WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.”

Her. *Cheer up, you dismal groaning cuss,
And cry, Hooray,
About this corpse don't make a fuss,
All day—all day.
Who is it, I should like to know,
That makes you all keep weeping so,
When you should be gay with visitors in the room?*

Ser. *It is Alcestis who is gone,
And I can say
Your drunken conduct you have shown
With great success to-day.
While we were all before the bier,
You in “lush” were “beering” here,
While we all bewailed our missis who's dead and gone.*

Her. Alcestis dead and gone! Oh, lor'! Jerusalem!

Ser. [*Aside.*] Admetus has been trying to bamboozle him
To make him stay.

Her. He never told me so;
But t'was your duty, sir, to let me know.

Enter Admetus, slightly intoxicated.

AIR.—“KA-FOOZLE-UM.”

*Hooray, my wife is now no more,
She's gone who was my greatest bore;
I'll live a jolly bachelor
From this blessed day, sir.
I need not shun the claret cup,
But get drunk when I go to sup;
There's no one now to blow me up
On the next day, sir.
Oh! Jerusalem,
I've managed to bamboozle him,
He's stupid as Methusalem,
And I sharp as a razor.*

Her. Oh! noble, generous man, let me embrace you,
Although I hardly have the cheek to face you.
My conduct I regard with detestation,
But I'll repay you [*pauses*]. What was the libation
You left upon the grave?

Ad. An invitation
To Death, that he would drop in at the tomb,
And bring old Charon with him—if he'd room—
To take some cold veal pie and bitter ale,
And curious sherry, very old and pale,
At 1s. 6d. a bottle; bread and cheese,
Strong, mild, or old, whichever might him please.

Her. Then I know where to find him—at the food,
The first thing that he goes to when it's good.
Behind the nearest tombstone then I'll hide,
And if I catch him, I'll take down his pride,
Walk into him with a terrific frown,
Hit him behind, and kick him when he's down;
He'll soon restore her.

Ad. Her?—who?—which?—why?—what?

Her. I cannot tell you now, I'd rather not;
Generous man, all happiness I wish you.

Ad. I don't know what you're at; but it sounds fishey.

Her. I am resolved—for your sake I will dare
To enter Hades.

Ad. What? To enter where?

Her. Nowhere; Hi!—boy! [*To Ser.*] a glass of No. 1.
I'll miss my train, and so I must be gone.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Admetus and Chorus.

Ad. Oh, hideous house! oh, hated avenue!
No longer now can I pride have in you.
[*Aside.*] You see this isn't quite my usual view,
But Chorus likes it, so here goes again—



Oh, wretched I! oh, miserable me!

[*Aside.*] (Though how both can be grammar I can't see).

Oh, how I wish that I could go and die!

[*Aside.*] (I think I see myself). Oh, that my cry
Could reach Alcestis!

Ch. Poor, devoted dear;
All day he stands and weeps!

Ad. Because my beer
Has been cut off.

Ch. Here's some one at the door!

Ad. That Hercules again! oh, what a bore!

Enter Hercules and Alcestis veiled.

Ad. Well, you've come back again, and so our larder
Will have——

Her. If anything, to suffer harder.

Ad. So then again my hopes of food you baffle;
But who's your wife?

Her. I got her at a raffle.
I saw a bill in one of the law courts,
A grand announcement of athletic sports
At Pitt Street—dog fights—climbing greasy poles—
Dipping in treacle pots for penny rolls—
Songs for the dumb and races for the lame,
With others far too numerous to name.
The highest prize I won in spite of chaff—
This woman, destined for the biggest raff
There present; but as no one dared compete
I got the prize.

Ad. She looks uncommon sweet.

Her. But I will leave her here till I come back.

Ad. I must say, Hercules, you have the knack
Of putting all things wrong; I cannot take her,
Nor, at the same time, can I well forsake her.

Alc. Then don't; for know, Admetus, I'm your wife.

Ad. Oh, lor'! you can't have come again to life!

[*Admetus, in an object manner.*]

Oh, do go back again!—say it's a joke! [*Pathetically.*
 You're just a ghost, you know. [*Aside.*] I can't have woke
 Yet, surely.

Alc. [*Severely.*] How is this? you don't seem glad.

Ad. [*In a tone of the deepest despair.*] Oh, ain't I just? but if
 I'd only had

Some previous notice of this glad occasion,
 I would have made all needful preparation,
 (Which means that I would soon have cut my stick
 From this here land, and that, too, precious quick).

Her. [*To Alcestis.*] Oh! don't his countenance just beam with joy!
 [*To Ad.*] Let me congratulate you, my dear boy!

Ad. Confounded idiot!

[*Pause.*] Ha! a bright idear
 Has struck me how to drive her out from here;
 Since all persuasion's utterly in vain,
 Here goes for King Cambyzes' tragic vein! [*Strikes an attitude.*
 Is this a vision that I see before me,
 Or but a beggar that has come to bore me?
 Art thou a thing of human mould or sense,
 Or the inevitable recompense
 Of too much wine at supper? Art thou ordered
 To rise by a digestion much disordered?
 Hast thou been conjured up by mighty Hartz,
 Or optical delusion caused by tarts
 And too much pastry? But, whate'er thou art,
 Pray, cut thy stick!—slope!—hook it!—and depart!
 Hence, and avaunt thee! Spirit on the loose.
 [*Aside.*] I rather guess that that has cooked her goose.

Her. [*Uneasily.*] Yes, very funny, but you're only joking.

Ad. I'm not; it is exceedingly provoking
 That uninvited ghosts should drop in here;
 They'll next expect that I'm going to stand them beer.
 A pretty joke!

Her. But all of this is true;
 To pay my debt of gratitude to you,
 I went to Hades, and from thence did raise her.

Ad. Then would you be so kind as to erase her ?
This ain't my wife at all ; this here's a ghost—
An unsubstantial shadow at the most.

Alc. Shadow, indeed !

Ad. Yes ; and I hope you know
Ghosts never speak unless they're spoken to.
[*To Her.*] You've put your foot in it, you stupid head ;
But as you've been, and gone, and raised the dead,
What you have done, you must undo again ;
She must be taken back by you again.

Her. What ! take her back ? I say, come draw it mild !

Ad. Indeed, I won't, " it does make me so wild ;"
You think that she'll be taken in by me,
But you will find you're slightly up a tree.

Her. Oh, gammon ! now you know that cock won't fight !

Ad. Won't he ? then perhaps you will allow I'm right.
I thought you wouldn't live with this here vision—
A vile impostor, who deserves derision.

Her. But she can't live with me, you know, " not nohow,"
Unless you will be kind enough to show how
I can maintain and keep her when I'm travelling ;
You'll find that proposition rather " gravelling."

Ad. Ah, that's your own look out ! why did you bring her,
You maundering idiot ? [*Aside.*] I think that's a stinger !
Just take her back again.

Alc. But I refuse ;
And, as for you, I scorn your low abuse ;
To punish you I'll go.

Ad. Yes, " hook it," do !

Alc. And live, my noble Hercules, with you.

Ad. Hooray for you, my pippin, you're dead beat,
Aha ! he don't exactly seem to see it.

Her. I'm blowed if I put up with that.

Ad. You must,
(Oh, here's a jolly row ;
Yes ; as you brought her here, ain't it just ?)
To keep her now.

Alc. Ah, of course you're bound
here,

Her. You low, ungrateful hound,
 The only way this long dispute to settle
 Is a good set-to "*a la Mace and Brettle.*"
 Come on! the loser keeps her, here you are, [*Strikes an attitude.*
 We'll fight for her.

Ad. I'm not an M.P.R.

[*Hercules sets to at Admetus, knocks him up against the wall.*

Her. First blood, aha!—— That took your wind, I guess;
 That got the eye——

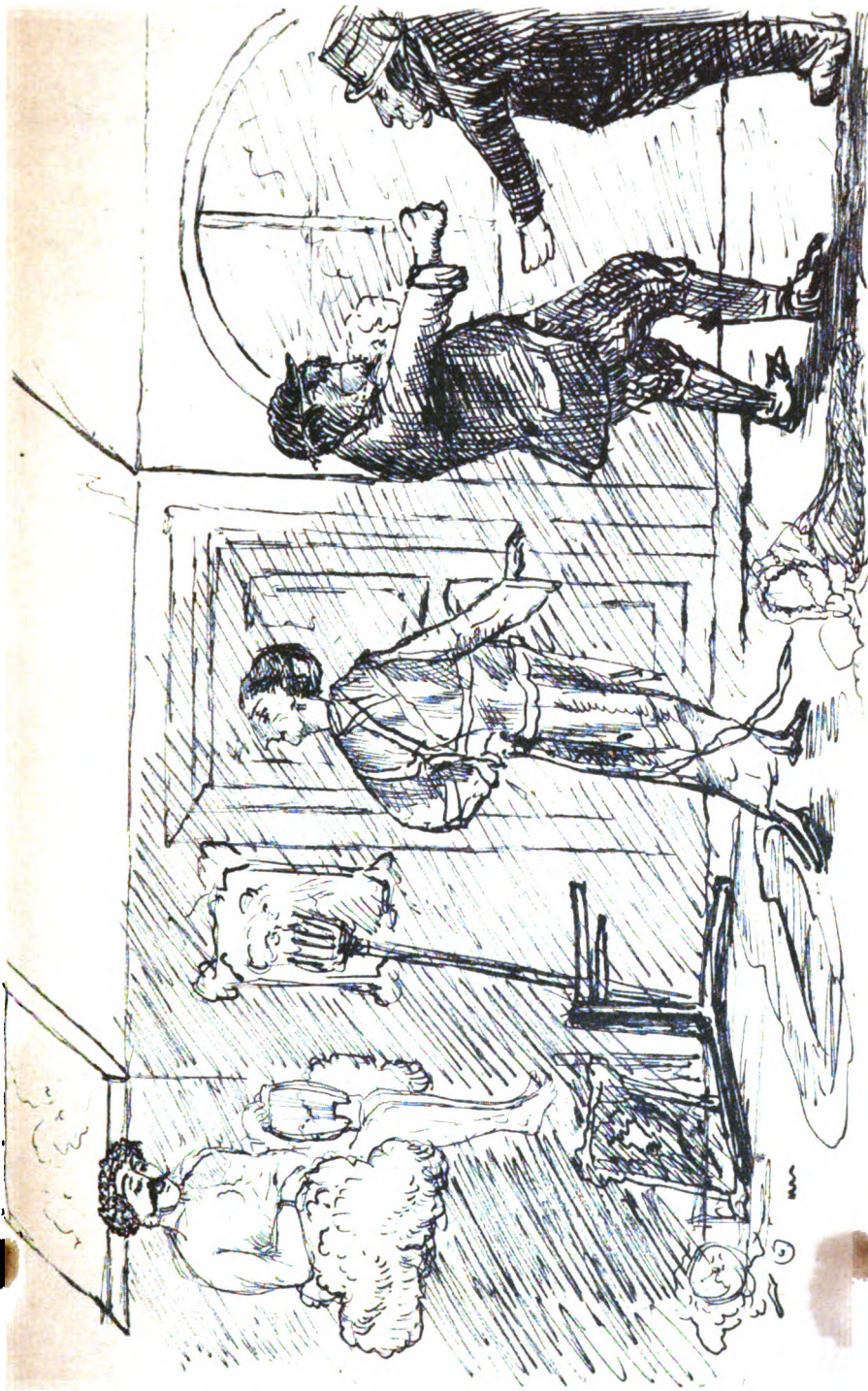
Ad. Indeed it did; oh, yes!

[*They dodge about the stage.*

None of your shirking now—— round— 35,
 A little groggy?—— Come now, look alive!

[*Is about to fall upon him, when enter Apollo in a very substantial
 cloud let down through the roof.*

Apollo. Ladies and gents, I'm here again,
 Come down through the lath and plaster;
 But first allow me to explain
 The reason I condescend and deign
 To descend in a cloud of mist and rain
 To prevent any great disaster.
 For the beauty of the classic stage
 And the pride of the tragedian
 Is to put his audience in a rage,
 Make his hero a villain in every page,
 And make his play last for an age,
 And thus squash the comedian.
 But sensible people might view them now
 With great disapprobation,
 Since they're always put on the stage "no how;
 The heroes do nothing but kick up a row,
 And savour too much of sensation;
 And when the characters get in a fix,
 And mothers are killing daughters,
 Down comes a deity like "old bricks,"



Pardons the hero's tragic tricks,
 And highly excusable slaughters ;
 He's made king of the land,
 Get's the princess's hand,
 And all come forward before us,
 Gives the hero a crown as the curtain goes down,
 And then the concluding chorus.
 I'm just in time to put things straight,
 And as I have not very long to wait,
 You, Hercules, stop mauling poor Admetus.

Her. Ah ! if you knew the way he wished to treat us.

Ap. I know it all ; I've come to settle matters,
 So don't you go and tear the wretch to tatters.

AIR.—“ DOMINO.”

Ap. *Ye thought, d'ye see, to get off free,
 And send your wife away ;
 You're rather sold, for here, behold
 Poetic justice sway—
 This here's your wife.*

Ad. *Upon my life,
 'Tis too good to be true.*

[Bitterly.]

Her. *Oh ! here's a go,
 I told you so.*

Ad. *But who'd believe in you ?*

Ap. *But, Hercules, I'll, if you please,
 To you a lesson give—*

*Mind your affairs,
 Not other's cares,
 And then you'll safely live.*

Her. *Oh, never fear,
 I'll interfere*

*No more with people's wives,
 Nor from the grave
 Again I'll save
 Heroic females' lives.*

[Exit Apollo.]

AIR.—“SUGAR SHOP.”

*Now, since I am a married man,
I'll make the best of it I can ;
The features of my wife I'll scan
With great felicity ;
And, Chorus, get you out from hence,
Among the beggars scatter pence,
And tell all, at their own expense
To hold a jubilee.*

Alc. Oh, my ! I'm glad to see you sensible.

Ad. [Aside]. She me another time will save.

*Alc. My eye, my conduct's reprehensible,
For I have not changed my shroud and things
Since I came from the grave.*

Enter Crowd, cheering, with Herald.

*Ad. Go it, ye cripples, crutches aren't dear,
Hear my commands before ye cut from here.*

*Her. Oh yes ! oh yes ! let all the people know
How, as Alcestis has come from below,
The king commands us all to hold a feast,
And every man must make himself a beast ;
Throw open every sort of exhibition,
And close at once all places of tuition ;
Let Rutherford dispense his liquors gratis.*

*Fenian. Huroo wid that, and whisky, and the praties,
We'll all get dhrunk.*

*Her. Fireworks and penny shows,
Free, gratis, and for nothing, unto those
Who're drunk already, and for those who're not
The fountains shall run whisky-toddy hot.*

*Ad. The statues of my ancestors I'll give
To make clay pipes.*

Crowd. May the king long live !

*Ad. To all the criminals I grant free pardons,
Next Sunday open the Botanic Gardens,*

And, spite the ow're good, have a Sunday train
To run to everywhere and back again.

AIR.—“VIVA LA COMPAGNIE!”

Alc. *As shareholders say, when a bubble's begun—*

Omnes. *Viva la “Company!”*

Our acts are all ended, our scenes are now done—

Viva la compagnie!

But thanks we would give you before we retire,

And hearer and reader, we hope, may acquire

Some notion of Greek plays and poetic fire—

Viva la compagnie!

Ad. *Here's a health to all ladies who deign to bestow—*

Vive la compagnie!

Their lives on their husbands, and go down below—

Viva la compagnie!

Here's a health to myself, since there's no one for me,

And all rest assured that I ever will be

Attached to my wife, so let all sing with me,

Viva la compagnie!

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